**Beach**

By Anna Moorhead

Stepping out of the car,

Shaking off the long drive into the air.

The air hits me, warm and humid.

That’s how I know I’m there.

Lugging the suitcases up the stairs to the front door.

It opens into the condo, a different one each year, but somehow the same.

But we are here for the beach.

Suitcases ripped open, clothes on the floor.

Bathing suits are finally found, changed into.

Feet shoved in flip-flops, running out the door.

Down the stairs, out to the boardwalk.

And then finally, after two days.

The beach.